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JAY CESAR, ESQ.

A BURLESQUE.

WORDS BY

MILTON GOLDSMITH.

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PS635
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Cast of Characters.

CESAR, *Samuel Jacobs.*
FABRICIUS, *Jacob Weil.*
BRUTUS, *Emile Reizenstein.*
CASCA, *Theo. J. Hahn.*
ANTONY, *Chas. Shoneman.*
CASSIUS, *Milton Goldsmith.*
SOOTHSAYER, *Lee K. Bochroch.*
CLAUDIA, *Joseph Potsdamer.*
LUCRETIA, *Samuel Fleisher.*
OCTAVIA, *William Bamberger.*
VIRGINIA, *Jack Shoneman.*
SERAPHINA, *Joseph Lieberman.*

Senators, Populace, etc.



ACT I.

Scene. The Roman Forum.

1. Populace drawn up in line, sing, (Melody "Pirates of Penzance.")

We are the Roman populace, of whom you've read in history,
Though why historians speak of us remains an awful mystery;
We're neither very civilized, nor wise nor intellectual,
Although the fighting we have done has often proved effectual.
We speak the Latin tongue, which is the bane of all grammarians,
T'will cause the schools in later years to class us with barbarians.
The deities we worship are but symbols allegorical,
The deeds that we've accomplished will go down through times
historical.

No matter how absurd we act, great men will think it rational,
And Roman enterprise and pluck will be true virtue national.
In fact as we have just now said, it is an awful mystery,
Just why they tell so much of us, though all of ancient history.

Enter Fabricius.

FABRICIUS, (Recitative.) (Music by Milton Goldsmith.)

Ah! there you are. The noble Roman Chorus.

We've got an awful lot of work before us.

Let each man pay attention, if you please sir,

And try again that Ode to mighty Cesar.

He leads the chorus, which sings;—

CHORUS. Welcome to the mighty hero,
Of the sanguinary Gallic war;
Welcome to the Gallic captives,
That he's landed on the Tiber's shore.
Haughty nations now are conquered,
Hushed the bragging of their voice,
Let us honor Julius Cesar,
Rome, eternal Rome rejoice.

FABRICIUS. Faster let the music flow,
You sing it too adagio.
Once again let us rehearse,
The music of the second verse.

CHORUS. Welcome to the glorious Cesar,
He will thunder down the road to Fame;
Some day maybe William Shakespere,
Will write a tragedy, that bears his name.
Egypt and the Eastern nations,
Tremble at his awful voice;
Let us honor Julius Cesar,
Rome, eternal Rome rejoice.

FABRICIUS. Bravo, bravo, very fair,
Quite a treat I do declare ;
Now when Cesar comes along,
Make old Rome howl with the song.

Exit Chor. and Fab. singing the second verse.
Enter Mark Antony and Casca.

CASCA. (Spoken.) I trust, dear friend, that one more query,
Will have no tendency to make you weary.
Tell me what mean those sounds sonorous?

ANTONY. What, that, old boy? Why that's the chorus.

CASCA. I thought as much, but what's the meanin
Of their most discordant screaming?

ANTONY. I well preceive that you are new in Rome.
To-day great Cesar is expected home.
The Chorus is now practising an Ode,
To give him a reception a la mode.

CASCA. Cesar? Who is he that's making such furore?
Methinks I must have heard his name before.

ANTONY. You take me by surprise, upon my word,
Breathes there a man who's not of Cesar heard?
You ask me who he is, so if you please sir,
Listen and you'll hear of Julius Cesar.

ANTONY. (Song.) (Music by Milton Goldsmith.)
To trace this hero's pedigree,
To the very root of the family tree,
I'll do for you with ease sir;

CASCA. He'll do for me with ease sir.

ANTONY. His family in the days of yore,
According to old Roman lore,
Was simply known as Cesar.

CASCA. Was simply known as Cesar.

ANTONY. He as a boy was full of tricks,
And early went in politics,
It was his predilection;

CASCA. It was his predilection.

ANTONY. In all the moves his party made,
He always spoke against free-trade,
And voted for protection.

CASCA. And voted for protection. (Dance.)

ANTONY. They sent him to the shores of Spain,
Some famous victories to gain,
He whipped the Spanish Greaser;

CASCA. He whipped the Spanish Greaser.

ANTONY. He built a very handsome fleet,
To make his victory complete,
This famous Julius Cesar.

CASCA. This famous Julius Cesar.

ANTONY. And then he conquered mighty Gaul,
Wrote commentaries on its fall,
A wonderful collection.

CASCA. A wonderful collection.

ANTONY. Hence all this noise and pomp in Rome,
For mighty Cesar's coming home,
To be here on election.

CASCA. To be here on election (Dance.)

CASCA. Truly a wonderful fellow. But I bethink me. Is he
not the father of Claudia Cesar, that bright-eyed girl I met
in Tarentum?

ANTONY. Ay, marry, the same. Do you know her?

CASCA. Do I know her? Per bacco, I love her. Beshrew me
sir, but fairer maid ne'er trod the dust of earth. (Sings.)

ANTONY. Ah! friend, Cupid has thee in his toils. If the maid
return thy love, desert her not. There is a movement on
foot, to put a crown on Cesar's head, and thou mayst yet be
son-in-law to a king.

CASCA. The Gods befriend me.

ANTONY. This coming home of Cesar's has a great political
influence. He advocates dress reform. He wants to intro-
duce the 19th century costumes, trousers for the men, and
crinolin for the women, instead of the old-style Roman
togas. This has given rise to two political parties, the Anti-
crinolins, and the anti-togas. There is great opposition.

CASCA. Give me the old style every time. It is good enough
for me.

ENTER FABRICIUS.

ANTONY. Ha, Fabricius, what brings thee here?

FABRICIUS. Anxiety, and my two feet. The City of Rome, the
ship which bringeth Cesar, is scheduled to arrive at
half past two. It is now three P. M. and she
has not yet been sighted at Quarantine.

ANTONY. Patience, good Fabricius. Perchance she hath broken
a propeller, or busted a boiler.

FABRICIUS. Perchance. But the chorus is becoming impatient.
They have practised that ode till they have become
tired of it.

CASCA. I don't wonder. It is enough to make any one tired.
Hark. What was that?

ANTONY. 'Tis Cesar. He has arrived. Hail, mighty Cesar.
Snow and rain, mighty Cesar for that matter. Marshal
your forces and force you marshals. Hurrah for Cesar.

TRUMPETS. POPULACE SHOUTING.

ENTER CHORUS, marching, Fabricius at their head, all singing,

CHORUS. (Music by Milton Goldsmith.)

Fall in line, Fall in line,
With toes turned out and head erect,
Ever on, ever on,
Your glances to the front direct.
Forward march, forward march,
Be worthy of the town's respect;
Great Cesar comes in triumph home,
The greatest man in Rome.
The Gallic war at last is o'er,
Our foe is on his knees,
Our martial hero comes once more,
Well flushed with victories.
And all our allies far and near,
To do him homage come;
All hail to worthy Julius,
And welcome him to Rome.

Fall in line, &c. Repeat first verse.

Enter Cesar on horseback, followed by Claudia,
Seraphina, Octavia, Lucretia, Brutus, Cassius,
Virginia and Soothsayer.

CHORUS. (Shouts.) All Hail Cesar. Hurrah.

While Cesar gallops around and reviews the populace, the
chorus sings 2nd verse of the Ode. "Welcome to the
mighty hero, &c."

CESAR. (Song.) (Melody.) (Old Student's Song.)

Oh, thank you gentle populace,
This is most delicious,
A triumph such as I enjoy,
Just meets my cherished wishes.
And now before your throats give out,
For crinolin and trousers shout.

CHORUS. Hurrah, hurrah for trousers,
For crinolin and trousers.

BRUTUS. Oh! what a foolish populace,
To make such poor selection.
We will go and stump the state,
For togas next election.
We hope to turn the rascals out,
For Roman garments let us shout.

CHORUS. Hurrah for Roman garments,
For classic Roman garments.

CESAR. Ha! Brutus, whom I love as the pine-apple of my eye;—
how fares it with thee? And thou, lean and hungry Cassius;
How is thy appetite. Hello girls. Charming as ever? I'm
pleased to meet with such a reception, I tell you fighting is
tough work. I often wish I were not so great a man.

CASSIUS. Never mind. When you die, Appleton's Encyclopedia
will devote two pages to your biography.

CESAR. Yes, I suppose that is some consolation. The Fates
made me great and I must submit,

CESAR. (Song.) (Music by Milton Goldsmith.)
When I was a child, I showed my love for war;
I fought my Nubian nurse,
And pinched the baby sore.
I whipped the fourth ward gang, in fight that was no sham,
And you can judge from that what a wonderful man I am.

(All dance.)

When I grew a man my party needed aid;
Against old fashioned clothes, I started a crusade.
I ran for consul once, was beaten by a clam,
And you can judge from that what a very great man I am.

(All dance.)

In National attire, reform is my delight;
I yearn for crinolin, and want my trousers tight.
Whate'er I do is done for the good of Uncle Sam,
And you can tell from that what a very brave man I am.

(All dance.)

ANTONY. What's the matter with Julius Cesar?

CHORUS. He's all right.

CESAR. Here Fabricius, attend to my luggage. There must be three trunks and a Saratoga for mother-in-law. Give the porter a drachma. (Exit Fabricius.) Gentlemen; allow me to introduce my revered mother-in-law. She was my best ally in the war. When the enemy became too pressing, I trotted her out and said; "Oh! men of Gaul, behold the one cross of my existence. They forthwith turned on their heels and fled.

CASCA. I don't blame them.

SERAPHINA. Oh! my dear son-in-law, wait 'till I get you home. I'll make you suffer for this.

CESAR. Once again friends let me thank you for this honor. You will observe I have dressed the old lady in one of my new fashioned crinolins, while my private sooth-sayer has on a pair of latest style trousers.

ANTONY. Allow me Cesar, to present my friend Casca, Esquire.

CESAR. Charmed to know you. (Aside to Ant.) What are his politics?

ANTONY. He is an Anti-Crinolin.

CESAR. What? Take him out of my sight.

CASSIUS. Most noble Cesar, how are things in Gaul?

CESAR. Gallin' old boy. The amount of gall those Gauls possess is harrowing. I suppose you got that dispatch of mine "Veni Vidi, Vici?" Not bad, eh? That dispatch will go down in history. In 1893, every schoolboy in America will say, "What a deuced clever fellow that Cesar was."

CASSIUS. And yet, great Cesar, you might have saved money on that dispatch.

CESAR. Explain thyself Cassius.

CASSIUS. By simply telegraphing "Vici," I conquered. Every body knows you must have come and seen in order to conquer.

CESAR. By Christopho Colombo, thou hast a level head. I'll know better next time. (Enter Fabricius with crown.)

BRUTUS. How did you leave things in Carthage?

CESAR. In ashes. Business is at a complete standstill. All the telegraph and telephone wires are down, and the trolley car men are on a strike.

BRUTUS. I suppose it was hot work.

CESAR. Rather. Especially when the city was burning.

CASCA. Cesar, prepare for a surprise. Antony has an address to make.

CESAR. Let her rip.

(Song and full chorus.) (Melody, Student Song.)

ANTONY. Great have been your deeds of might.

CHORUS. Yes indeed, yes indeed;

ANTONY. We don't understand them quite.

CHORUS. No indeed, indeed.

ANTONY. Still we men of Rome expect,
To do whate'er you think correct.

CHORUS. Hail to Cesar, Cesar hail,
History will tell the tale,
Hail to Cesar, Cesar hail,
Cesar lebe hoch.

ANTONY. Of your battles we've heard tell,

CHORUS. Yes indeed, yes indeed.

ANTONY. Bless your soul, you've done quite well.

CHORUS. Yes indeed, indeed.

ANTONY. If a war breaks out again,
You shall lead our trusty men.

CHORUS. Hail to Cesar &c.

ANTONY. Pray accept this regal crown,

CHORUS. Yes indeed, yes indeed.

ANTONY. It will boost you to renown,

CHORUS. Yes indeed, indeed.

ANTONY. In recompense for victories,
You may be monarch if you please.

CHORUS. Hail to Cesar &c.

(Cesar Pushes crown from him.)

ANTONY. Most noble Cesar, wilt thou take the crown, once?

CESAR. No, tempt me not. Did not Washington refuse a crown?

ANTONY. Most noble Cesar, wilt thou accept this crown, twice?

CESAR. Well, really, old fellow, I don't know what to say.

CASSIUS. Ye gods, how he itches to take it.

ANTONY. Most noble Cesar wilt thou take the crown for the
third and last time?

CESAR. No, It will make a good impression if I don't appear
over-anxious about it.

SERAPHINA. Allow me to remark, son-in-law, that you are a fool.

ANTONY. Hear ye men of Rome Is this ambition? Yet Brutus
will say in the next act, that Cesar was ambitious, and Brutus
is a senator from the 4th ward.

POPULACE. (Shouts.)

"Hurrah."

FABRICIUS. Will you partake of a light refreshment, a sandwich or a milk-shake?

CESAR. Thanks, don't care if I do. Come mother-in-law, soothsayer and the rest of you. My inner man cries for a milk-shake.

(Drinking Song.)

FULL CHORUS. (Melody, Zehn Maedchen &c.)

On to the festive board,
We will accompany our lord,
And at his expense will take,
A sandwich and milk-shake.
Some oysters next we'll try,
And end up with pumpkin pie;
And to wash down this princely cheer,
We will drink foaming beer.
Beer is the soul's delight,
See how it sparkles clear and bright,
Watch the airy bubbles rise,
Like Peries in paradise.
Ambrosia of old,
Never could a candle hold:
To this beverage like amber clear,
This bright sparkling beer.
Great Cesar hail thou lord severe,
Will honor thee by drinking beer.
We'll spread good will and banish fear,
And drink to love in foaming beer.
(Tenor) We'll honor thee by drinking foaming beer.
(All) Hail, great Cesar, hail.

Chorus marches out singing, "Fall in line etc."

All exit except Brutus, Cassius, Octavia, and Lucretia.

BRUTUS, CASSIUS, LUCRETIA AND OCTAVIA.

BRUTUS. Didst note Cassius, how when Antony offered him the kingly crown he put it by him thrice, each time more meekly than before. I liked it not.

CASSIUS. Ye gods. Has it come to this that an advocate of trousers and crinolin should thus succeed. Of what meat or vegetables is this our Cesar made, that he should thus get the start of mankind.

LUCRETIA. Is it so wrong father to wear the new attire?

BRUTUS. Wrong? Ye Gods hear not her impious question. To discard the classic toga, and wear the breeches? Why look at Cesar's mother-in-law and his private soothsayer. Can anything be more hideous?

CASSIUS. If any daughter of mine loved a man who advocated such a style, I'd disown her.

LUCRETIA. (to Oct.) Alas, I love the noble Fabricius.

OCTAVIA, (to Luc'r) And I am pledged heart and soul to Marc Antony.

LUCRETIA. What shall we do?

OCTAVIA. Have patience, and trust in the gods.

BRUTUS. Cesar must die. There is no other way to avoid the crinolin.

CASSIUS. Hush, not so loud. We will kill him on the Ides of March. It is to be in the nature of a surprise to Cesar.

LUCRETIA. And how will Rome profit if Cesar die?

CASSIUS. With Cesar dead and turned to clay, anti-crinolin will win the day.

QUARTETTE. (Music, Offenbach's Genevive.)

BRUTUS. Our trade will almost double,

QUARTETTE. If our noble party wins.

BRUTUS. There will be an end of trouble,

QUARTETTE. If our noble party wins.

BRUTUS. New clothing looks too funny,

And it costs a lot of money.

But our future will be sunny, yes our future will be sunny.

If our noble party wins.

(Quartette repeat last two lines.)

(DANCE.)

BRUTUS. Our trade will take a flyer,

QUARTETTE. If our noble party wins,

BRUTUS. And our wages will be higher.

QUARTETTE. If our noble party wins.

BRUTUS. T'will improve the population,

We will be a model nation,

Beyond every expectation, beyond every expectation.

If our noble party wins.

[Quartette repeat last two lines.] Exit dancing.

ENTER CLAUDIA AND VIRGINIA.

CLAUDIA. (spoken) How valient appeared my noble boy.

Oh! Casca thou hast filled my soul with joy.

My little heart is heavy, for alas,

Who knows what vexing things may come to pass.

- VIRGINIA. True, some misfortune may creep in,
 Due to trousers and to crinolin.
 But then your cause for grief is small,
 Towards mine, who may not love at all.
 They sing the following alternately. Melody. A Trip to
 Chinatown.
- CLAUDIA. Jennie, Jennie, I've been thinking,
 What a picnic it would be,
 If there were no grave objections,
 Twixt my Roman dude and me.
- (DANCE.)
- VIRGINIA. Claudia, Claudia, I've a notion,
 That your love is good for nix;
 For in spite of your devotion,
 You must yeild to politics.
- CLAUDIA. Jennie, Jennie, what a pity,
 That papa raised such a storm;
 Though a hero when in battle,
 He's a crank on dress reform.
- VIRGINIA. Claudia, Claudia, I've a notion,
 That your love at last will win;
 If he'll but discard the toga,
 Or you swear off crinolin.
- (DANCE.)
- (Enter CASCA while VIRGINIA leaves.)
- CASCA. Miss Cesar stop, one word with you.
- CLAUDIA. I listen sir. What would you have me do.
- CASCA. (Spoken) Just listen to my song. I won't be very long.
 And though the tune and words may sadly bore you.
 You still perceive how madly I adore you.
 (Song Interpolated.)
- CLAUDIA. You love me then.
- CASCA. To desperation I loved you ever since we ate hokey-
 pokey together as children.
- CLAUDIA. How nice. Just like the latest novel by Cornelius
 Nepos. Here come two spooney couples. Let us go
 and meander in the shade of the Collisseum. They go out.
- (Enter FABRICIUS, ANTONY, LUCRETIA and OCTAVIA.)
- FABRICIUS. (Spoken) My Lucretia, my darling one,
 Praise be to Jove I find you here.
- LUCRETIA. Dear fellow are your labors done?
 How glad I am to have you near.
- ANTONY. How did you like our great parade?
- OCTAVIA. Right well. A pretty show you made
 You like a blazing meteor shone.
 In fact I saw but you alone.

LUCRETIA. (To Fab.) Though hundreds passed my searching view.

My eager eyes saw only you.

(They sing the following duett.) Music by J. W. Yost.

Males. In spite of agitation,
About the style of clothes;

Females. I love to desperation,
My heart with rapture glows.

Males. Then what need we care whether,
One side or the other will win;

Females. We'll live and die together,
And laugh at crinolin.

Males. In spite of all objections, you swear to love me still?

Females. In spite of all objections, I swear I always will.

Males. And you'll brave all reproaches and still to me be true?

Females. I will brave the furies all my dear to marry you.

(DANCE.)

FABRICIUS. My dear Lucretia I am forced to confess that I don't like the way your father puts the dogs on me. Yet what can one expect from a man with such a name as Brutus.

LUCRETIA. Poor Fabricius.

ANTONY. And your papa, Octavia, treats me just as shamefully. Yesterday he applied the tip of his boot in his haste to help me out of the house.

OCTAVIA. Poor fellow, you got it in the neck..

ANTONY. That's not where the pain seemed to be.

OCTAVIA. Alas, dear boy, I feel it keenly but what can I do?

LUCRETIA. Love never did run smoothly, and what can you expect when it becomes mixed with trousers and crinolin?

ANTONY. But we can continue to love each other?

OCTAVIA. You may wager your saccharine existence on it. A love like ours is like the bald-headed man in the audience. It can never die.

(They sing the first 8 lines of "In spite of etc.," and exit.)

CORONATION MARCH. From the Prophet.

Enter populace followed by Caser and all principles except Claudia and Virginia.

FABRICIUS. Most noble Cesar, take a seat and behold the homage of your loyal subjects.

CESAR. On let joy be unconfined.
Lock up the man who lags behind.

(DANCE.)

INTERPOLATED SPECIALTIES.

ANTONY. (To Cesar.)

Will not your royal Muck-a-Muck favor us with a song.
CESAR. I'll stoop to do you that favor. Give me a newspaper.
I haven't read one since I left my native shores three
years ago. (Reads paper.) Ha! What's this?

(SONG.) Music by J. W. Yost.

A maiden named Maria, tried to start the kitchen fire,
With a little can of standard kerosene.
She died at half-past seven and her soul has gone to heaven,
We'll see that her grave's kept green.

CHORUS. I hardly think it possible do you?

CESAR. If you see it in the Ledger it is true.

CHORUS. It is true, it is true.

If you see it in the Ledger it is true.

CESAR. A dudlet neat and proper, got a spanking from his papa,
And he sought to drown his grief in suicide.
Cigarettes smoked by the hundred,
'Till his mortal coil he sundered,
He inhaled the nicotine until he died.

(CHORUS.)

Old Jenkin's went out walking,
With a lady he was talking,
When he met his poor neglected wife of course;
All etiquette defying, you could see the fur a flying,
She'll sue him for a divorce.

(CHORUS.)

Poor little Mikey Shannon,
Just blew into a cannon,
He'd thought he'd have a rousing lot of fun.
He didn't know twas loaded but Alas the gun exploded,
And Mikey's career is done.

(CHORUS.)

A country Jay named Smitty paid a visit to the city,
Alas, what strange events may come to pass;
His time on earth's expired; for last night when he
retired,
The idiot blew out the gas.

SOOTHSAYER. Cesar, beware the Ides of March.

CESAR. Ah there, my Royal Soothsayer, where do you spring from?

SOOTHSAYER. From Springfield.

CESAR. What's going to happen on the Ides of March?

SOOTHSAYER. I don't know, haven't the least idea, but beware of the Ides of March all the same.

CESAR. Lock him up. Take him to Blockley. And now, friends, go home and enjoy yourselves at my expense.

(CHORUS.)

Hurrah for Cesar, Flourish of trumpets.

The Chorus sings "Fall in Line," goes through various marches, while the curtain falls.

ACT 11.

(*Scene,*) Senate Chamber.

ANTONY, FABRICIUS, CASCA, CASSIUS, LUCRETIA,
OCTAVIA, CLAUDIA, SERAPHINA, SOOTHSAYER
AND VIRGINIA.

(Song.) Melody, "Love me little, love me long."

Then no matter what direction
Things may take on next election,
Love me little, love me long.
Whether bulging hoop-skirt wires,
Are the garments of our sires,
Love me little, love me long.
Faithful love and politics
As a rule should never mix,
For political discussions oft are wrong;
But in every loving bosom,
Let the bud of friendship blossom,
Love me little, love me long.
Love is mighty, hearts are flighty,
Cupid ne'er goes wrong.
Then no matter what direction
Things may take on next election,
Love me little, love me long.
Oh you pretty little elf, you,
We will fly to Philadelphia,
Love me little, love me long.
And our scruples there abandon,
We can soon get wed in Camden,
Love me little, love me long.
To Chicago, then of course,
We can go for a divorce,
If the bond that will unite us isn't strong.
For the scoffer and the railer,
Say that marriage is a fallure,
Love me little, love me long.
Love is mighty, hearts are flighty,
Cupid ne'er goes wrong,
Then no matter what direction,
Things may take on next election,
Love me little, love me long.

ANTONY. Ah! my friends, our hymeneal prospects look dreary.
We are all of opposite political creeds, and unless a
revolution should put an end to this toga and crinolin
contention, I fear we can never marry.

CASCA. As Cesar is the cause of this political difference, naught but his death can put an end to it.

SERAPHINA. And he is pretty vigorous yet. I had a tussle with him yesterday, and had a severe job subduing him.
(All sigh.)

LUCRETIA. Unfortunate love has brought many a victim to suicide.

OCTAVIA. Or to the lunatic asylum.

CLAUDIA. Or to the Chicago divorce courts.
(All sigh.)

ANTONY. Listen, and I will give you some authentic information on the subject.

FABRICIUS. (Song.) (Music by C. W. Harris.)

Two loving people, a man and a maid,
Sat in the bright moonlight and kissed.
The poor fellow's papa believed in free trade,
While hers was a protectionist.
For free trade was he, for protection was she,
Their political creeds lay apart ;
Oh, how could he take for sweet politics sake,
A high tariff girl to his heart ?
Then he said, " Oh dear Sally, I cannot decide,
To wed you. We'd never agree.
You know that the girl I select for my bride,
Must be a free trader like me. "
Then Sally arose, she was angry indeed,
And gave him a box on the ear ;
Said he, " I perceive 'tis protection I need,
Kiss and lets make up, my dear.

CHORUS. Kiss and lets make up, dearest,
Dry your tears, don't cry in vain ;
For you know I love you, dearest,
You I love with might and main.
Do not tell me that yon hate me,
Take away the bitter cup ;
In your heart pray reinstate me,
Kiss and lets make up.

He gazed in the depths of her wonderful eyes,
Clear down to the optical nerve,
And said "Dearest Sally, on you are no flies,
I love you as you may observe.
But why can't you come to the fold of free trade,
Or strive to give up politics?
Unless you consent, dearest girl, I'm afraid,
Our prospects are in a queer fix."
She answered, "Dear boy, as the matters now stand,
Your arguments seem to me rot;
You'll have a breach of promise on hand,
If you don't marry me on the spot."
He clasped her fair hand and sighed heavily,
And silently wiped a stray tear;
"We'll take the next boat to Camden," said he,
Kiss and let's make up, my dear.

(CHORUS.)

LUCRETIA. How very affecting. To think that two such
loving souls should be sundered by a mere difference
of style.

SOOTHSAYER. I have a secret to tell. To-day is the Ides of
March. Something terrible is going to happen.
I have been prophesying it all along, but no
one seems to pay any attention to me.

SERAPHINA. Last night I dreamed that Cesar lay dead e'en at
the base of Pompey's statue. Which while all the
while ran blood.

CLAUDIA, That sentence is ungrammatical. You should say
"while blood ran all the while.

SERAPHINA. Nonsense. I am quoting Shakespeare, page 246,
scene 23rd.

SOOTHSAYER. I'm betting two to one that Cesar dies to-day.

LUCRETIA. The gods grant it.

OCTAVIA. What joy.

ANTONY. What rapture.

FABRICIUS. You shall be my tootsey-wootsey.

CASCA. You shall be my lovey-dovey.

SOOTHSAYER. (To Seraph.) Give me a kiss for luck.

SERAPHINA. Go away you naughty man. You ought to be
ashamed of yourself.

(Concerted song.) (Melody, "Lorelei.")

MALES. One little kiss, e'er we're mated,
One little kiss, just for bliss.
One little kiss, though you hate it,
Only one sweet little kiss.

FEMALES. No little kiss, e'er we're mated,
No little kiss, though 'tis joy.
No little kiss, 'tis so fated,
No little kiss, we are coy.

FEMALES. One little kiss you may try, sir,
One little kiss, mind no more.
One little kiss, I'm so shy sir,
One little kiss, not a score.

MALES. One little kiss I will capture,
One little kiss, Oh! what bliss.
One little kiss, it is rapture,
Only one sweet little kiss.

(They embrace.)

SERAPHINA. Hush! here come the senators.

Flourish of trumpets Enter Cesar and all the principals.

(Exit Lucretia and Octavia.)

FULL CHORUS. (Music by Milton Goldsmith.)

Hail, Julius Cesar, stately and brave as Apollo,
Thou art our hero, thee, loyal Romans will follow.
Thou art our leader, born to be our dictator,
Hail, Julius Cesar, where is the mortal as great,
Thou art noble and brave, with a high sounding name,
And a prowess and skill that have led thee to fame;
And centuries hence, every schoolboy who reads,
Will know of our Cesar's most chivalrous deeds,
Hail Julius, etc. (repeat first four lines.)

CESAR. Well Mr. Soothsayer, you had better give up the prophesying business. The Ides of March are here.

SOOTHSAYER. But not yet gone. I wouldn't be in your boots for a dollar and a half.

CESAR. Are you all here?

ALL. Yes.

CESAR. I'll take your word for it.

(Song. Tune ; Taken from the County Jail, Mikado.)

If the members all are here,
Of course there ought to be a quorum.
I bid you welcome brethern dear,
To the ancient Roman Forum.
The worthy senators I fear,
Have much important work before 'em.
I trust they'll see there duty clear,
And legislate with due decorum.
Two new clothing bills I've here,
Do you mean to pass them or ignore 'em?
Let the able speakers now appear,
I'll gladly grant the floor 'em.

CHORUS. Consider, Consider, the welfare of the people ;
Consider, Consider, the clothing that the Romans wear,
The clothing we must wear.

(All Seated.)

BRUTUS. Have I the floor ?

CESAR. You have.

BRUTUS. Unaccustomed as I am to public speaking ;

CHORUS. Chestnuts.

BRUTUS. The question before us is simply this. Shall we discard
the classic clothing of our ancestors, and adopt in
place the hideous trousers and crinolin of the 19th
century? Oh! Romans, has judgement fled to Brutish
beasts, and have men lost their reason ?

ANTONY. That's plagiarism.

BRUTUS. Know ye not how the absurd idea originated ?

CASSIUS. We know, but the audience don't. Tell us about it.
It will give you a chance to work in a song.

BRUTUS. I will. I like to hear myself warble.

(Song.) (Tune ; My object all sublime. Mikado.)

A greater crank than Julius Cesar,
Ne'er did in Rome exist.
He thinks his success is in fashioning dresses,
We wish he would desist.
It is his very absurd desire to call the classics in,
And force each Roman form to attire.
In trousers and crinolin.

CHORUS. And that's the reason why, the Plebians all cry,
The price of crinolin's much too high,
The price is much too high.
It takes a lot of stuff, a fact that's rather rough,
The Roman fashion is good enough, the style is good enough,

BRUTUS. Now, if you wonder at his ambition,
The cause you soon will find.
Like all politicians in lofty position,
He has an axe to grind.
He wants to introduce the breeches to hide his bandy knees,

And after crinolin, he reaches his mother-in-law to please

(Chorus.) And that's the reason why, etc.

CASSIUS. To come down to prose, the question resolves itself to this We do not want to discard the toga, and adopt crinolin and trousers. The moment we adopt the inexpressibles, our wives will want to wear them, and then good-bye to our domestic peace. If crinolin comes into vogue, good-bye to our comfort in the street cars. There is another thing which the opposition seems to forget. To properly make the 19th century crinolin dress requires sewing machines, and they won't be invented for the next 1800 years. In the meantime, the toga is just the thing. It can be used as a blanket, as a bath robe, and as a towel in case of necessity. It covers a multitude of skins. I therefore advocate the toga. In the words of the immortal Patrick Henry, "Give me the classic costumes or give me death,"

CHORUS. Hurrah, for the Classic Roman togas!

ANTONY. I greatly fear there will be trouble, most noble Cesar,

CESAR. Go seat thyself upon a tack. Cesar fears naught. Do thou, Fabricus destroy the logic of their arguments.

FABRICIUS. Esteemed fellow citizens: My opponent from Snobsville told you what he must know to be demagogism of the first water. He is talking through his hat. This is an age of progress. Unless our styles change our ladies will have nothing to talk about but the servant girl question. The ladies are with me, the girls endorse me. We do not ask for the bustle or corset, but we demand the crinolin. I personally have a crinolin factory, and it becomes the duty of every Roman to help support me.

CHORUS Hurrah for dress reform !

(Brutus, Cassius, and Casca confer apart.)

CASSIUS. Now is the time for the assault

BRUTUS. Aye, and quickly, or I fear the crinolin will get the upper hand.

CASCA. Have your daggers ready. (Sharpening daggers on their shoes.)

BRUTUS. Do thou begin Cassius. He always had a spite against thee.

CASSIUS. All right. Back me up and see fair play.

CONSPIRATORS SONG. (Melody "Madame Angot.")

(Casca, Brutus, and Cassius.)

Oh! we conspire as you all may see,
And hence conspirators are we,
And our plan is called a conspiracy,
But our auditors may call it what they like.
We are Casca, Brutus and Cassius,
And the deed we're doing will create a fuss,
But for consequences we don't care a cuss ;
For in half a minute we intend to strike.

CHORUS OF SENATORS.

Cesar must die for the good of Rome,
We want no crinolin at home.

CASCA, BRUTUS AND CASSIUS.

We will kill and plunder, till crinolin's snowed under,
And the good old classic times again will come.

(Chorus repeats, we will, etc.)

CESAR. What means that secret confabulation? I like it not.
It savors of treason.

CASSIUS. (Advancing.) Great Cesar I have something to give thee.

CESAR. Then be quick and give it.

CASSIUS. (Stabs.)

CESAR. What was that?

CASSIUS. That was a Roman Punch.

CESAR. Murder! Treason! Call the police! Ring for a patrol wagon.

(The conspirators crowd around Cesar and stab him.)

CESAR. (As Brutus stabs.) Et tu Brute. Then die Cesar.

(Spreads throne-cloth on stage and lies down.)

CASSIUS. (Flourishing his dagger.) Cesar is dead, and with him the crinolin craze. Hurrah for the toga!

(Great uproar.)

BRUTUS. Hold on a moment. According to tradition I have a speech to make. Friends, lovers, countrymen. Listen to me that ye may hear, and quit that racket, that ye may listen. I have just prepared my best friend for a coroner's inquest. Cesar is dead as a door nail.

ANTONY. (Kneeling by the corpse, weeping,) Oh Cesar! Thou wert the noblest Roman of them all.

BRUTUS. Shut up! Where am I at? Oh yes. Cesar is dead as a door nail. No more shall his voice be raised for dress reform.

SERAPHINA. Oh my poor son-in-law. How he used to love me! Empty is the throne for Cesar's gone.

BRUTUS. I'll finish my oration or die in the attempt. Ye all know that I did love Cesar. I played poker with him nightly and he won the jack pots like a man. I slew him not because I love trousers less, but because I love togas more.

CLAUDIA. (Throws herself upon the body.) Oh papa, papa, He is gone where the woodbine twineth. I want my papa.

BRUTUS. Hang it! Cant you stop your blubbing till I get through with my speech. What will Shakespeare do if I fail to get off this funeral oration? With this I depart, that as I slew my best friend for the good of Rome, I will take rough-on-rats any time you think it will serve the cause. As there are none here so base that they would change the toga for the trousers, step around to Mike O'Conner's saloon, and I'll set them up for the crowd.

ALL. Hail, noble Brutus.

BRUTUS. Mark Antony will look after the obsequies. He has been studying "Friends, Romans, Countrymen" for the last month, and knows it by heart. Take up the corpse and prepare for the ceremony.

(They put corpse on a litter and march about the stage singing slowly.)

Funeral March (Tune, "Saw my leg off.")

Poor Julius Cesar, (repeat three times.)

Is dead as dead can be.

He'll never breathe again, (three times.)

Unto eternity.

Poor Julius Cesar. (Three times.)

A gentlemen was he.

They stand with the corpse before them.

ANTONY. Set down the body. Here's where I get in my work. Friends, Romans, Countrymen! Lend me your ears. When I am through I will return them with interest at 6 per cent. I come to praise Cesar, not to bury him. The evil that men do, gets into the daily papers, the good ain't worth making a fuss about. He was my friend. But yesterday I borrowed \$10 from him, which he said I need not repay. Did this in Cesar seem ambition? Yet Brutus, that mugwump, says he was ambitious, and Brutus is an honorable man. When the poor have wept, Cesar built model tenement houses for them. Was this ambition? Yet Brutus said he was ambitious, and Brutus is a Senator and you can draw your own inferences. I could go on like this for an hour, but you can read it when you get home, in your Shakespear. If you have tears don't shed them. Lock up the shed. You'll need them before this play is over. You all do know this garment? He bought it of Dinkelspiel, on South Street. It was warranted all wool and not to fade, and was marked \$18; but he got it for \$6.25, with a pair of suspenders and a necktie thrown in. Did this appear like ambition? Ambition buys sterner stuff. Ambition goes to Wanamaker's; yet Brutus says he was ambitious, and Brutus is off his trolley. Here in this place ran Cassius' dagger through. It was the most unkindest cut of all, for it slit a hole above the breast, and ruined the garment forever. Yet Brutus said he was ambitious, and Brutus makes me tired. Ah, I perceive you weep. It shows that your laryngeal ducts are in good working order. Pause with me. I forget the rest, and must look up my pocket edition of Shakespear, till it comes back to me.

CHORUS. Hurrah for Anthony! Hiss! boom! rah!

ANTONY. Dispose yourself around Cesar's bier, and watch the obsequies which will be celebrated in the good old Roman style. You are all invited to the Wake.

CESAR. (Beckons to Fab. and whispers to him.)

FABRICIUS. The corpse would like to see the ceremonies, and begs permission to sit up.

ANTONY. What say you, Brutus and Cassius?

BRUTUS. We have nothing against so slight a request.

CASSIUS. Bring in the electric battery and revive him, but be sure you kill him off again before the end of the play, or you will outrage history.

FABRICIUS. Never fear. The rest of the performance will be so excruciating, as to kill off many a stronger man than Cesar.

(They bring in the battery and apply it.

Cesar rises, dances, and sits down on the throne.)

FABRICIUS. Let the ceremonies begin.

INTERPOLATED SPECIALTIES.

(Duet. Music by Milton Goldsmith.)

SERAPHINA AND SOOTHSAYER.

SOOTHSAYER. Will you wed me Seraphina,
Will you tell me you'll be mine?
For indeed I've never seen a
Maid I thought was half so fine.

SERAPHINA. I regret you're not the man sir,
My poor heart yearns after gold;
You must take "No" for an answer,
For my boy, you're much too old,

BOTH. Ha! ha! ha! at me she's (he's) laughing,
Ha! ha! ha! now quit your chaffing,
I am (she's) much too old.

SOOTHSAYER. Oh, my sixty year old maiden
To old age you too advance;
Though I'm not with lucre laden,
I'm afraid 'tis your last chance.

SERAPHINA. Dearest boy, I'll do my duty,
For a single life is rough;
Though you're poor and void of beauty,
I've been widow long enough.

BOTH. Ha! ha! ha! now we will marry,
Ha! ha! ha! no longer tarry,
Single life is rough.

(Ballet between Lucr. and Octavia.)

CESAR. (Beckons to Fabricius.)

FABRICIUS. The corpse would like to sing a song.

BRUTUS. Certainly. On such a day as this, we can refuse him nothing.

(Cesar sings an Interpolated song.)

BRUTUS. Cesar, it is time for you to die.

CESAR. If I must die, good friends, good bye. (He lies down on his litter.)

(All sing the following topical song: Tune, "High School Cadet March.")

CASCA. Cesar is dead, and our burlesque must end,
And we trust you have found it amusing.
We hope you will judge as becomes a true friend,
Our faults and our errors excusing.

CHORUS. For the Roman race of old,
Was a nation staunch as gold,
Its great deeds have oft been told,
And in history enrolled.
And its annals now unfold,
Countless heroes dead and cold;
But of all Julius Cesar,
Was the greatest and most bold.

CASSIUS. We're playing to-night folks, for sweet charity,
There can be no sweeter communion,
I'm sure every listener will echo with me;
Success to the Young Women's Union.

SERAPHINA. I yearn for a husband with brains and good looks,
I promise to cherish and mind him,
A fine handsome fellow you read of in books,
But Heavens, Oh! where shall I find him.

BRUTUS. I'm seeking a girl who don't care for ice cream,
And who dosen't like oysters or candy.
Alas! if she lives it is but in a dream,
Such a girl as a wife is a dandy.

FABRICIUS. Last winter one day, my poor mother-in-law,
Went skating and fell in the water;
I ought to feel sad, but I really am glad,
For she left all her wealth to her daughter.

CLAUDIA. Factories closed and the hands out of work,
And thousands are doomed to starvation;
Give to the poor and your duty dont shirk,
To give is a sweet consolation.

LUCRETIA. The senate decided the silver repeal,
From financial woes to relieve us
And though contempt, for white metal we feel,
We'll take all the silver they give us.

ANTONY. The crinolin never can meet with success,
I'm glad that the craze has abated.
No sensible ladies in hoopskirts will dress,
They'd look like balloons well inflated

OCTAVIA. How many a man spends his nights at the club,
And at playing cards spends his money;
Let his wife take a club, and her better-half drub,
And their home will be cheerful and sunny.

SOOTHSAYER. There's no place like home, says a very old saw,
'Tis there one can find peace and glory;
But a mother-in-law with a tireless jaw,
Can change home to old purgatory.

BRUTUS. (Spoken,) Cesar is vanquished, come, stand at his bier
For trousers and crinolin, drop a soft tear.
The toga has won through the powers above,
Your hearts may now yield to wine, music and love.

ANTHONY, FABRICIUS, CASCAR, LUCRETIA, OCTAVIA
and CLAUDIA, sing :

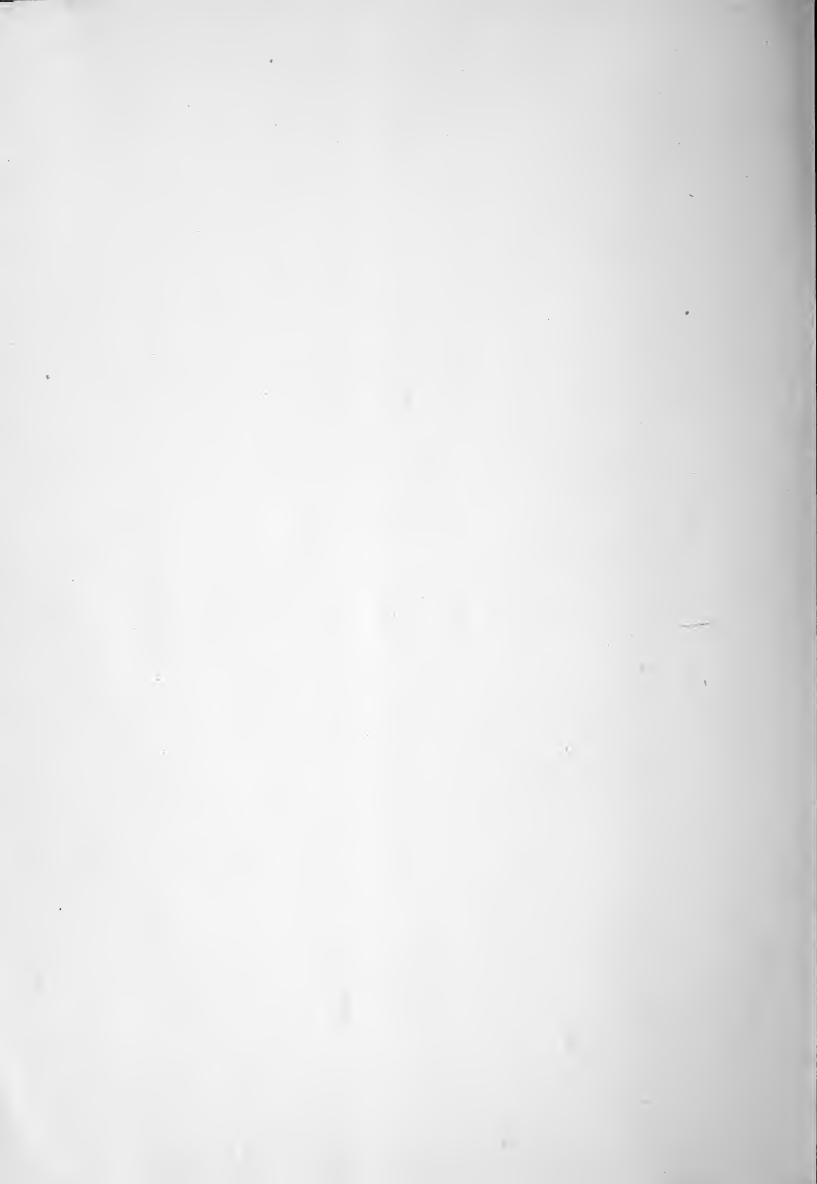
“ In spite of agitation,” &c.

Finale, ALL sing, as they march up and down the stage :

“ Fall in Line,” &c.

Tableau.

CURTAIN.



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